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# A Second Book of English Poetry for the Young

*Arranged for Secondary  
and High Schools by*

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W. H. W.

*December 1903.*

## PART II.

### THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all,  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In Chevy Chace befall,  
  
To drive the deer with hound and hoin,  
Earl Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unboun  
The hunting of that day  
  
The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take,  
  
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace  
To kill and bear away  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay,  
  
Who sent Earl Percy present woid,  
He would prevent his sport  
The English Earl not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort

## THE BALLAD OF CIIFVY CHIACE

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aight

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
Ere daylight did appear,

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain,  
Then, having dined, the drivers went  
To rouse the deer again

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make

Lord Percy to the quarry went  
To view the slaughtered deer,  
Quoth he "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here

"But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay"  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the Earl did say

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come;  
His men in armour bright,  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight,

“All men of pleasant Tivy dale,  
Fast by the river Tweed”  
“O, cease your sports,” Earl Percy said,  
“And take your bows with speed

“And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance,  
For there was never champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

“That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company  
Whose armour shone like gold

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow deer?”

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he  
Who said “We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be,

“Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
Thy chiefest harts to slay”  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say,

## THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHIACE

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
 One of us two shall die  
 I know thee well, and earl thou art,  
 Lord Percy, so am I

"But trust me, Percy, pity 't were,  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our guiltless men,  
 For they have done no ill

"Let thou and I the battle try,  
 And set our men aside."  
 "Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
 "By whom this is denied"

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
 Witherington was his name,  
 Who said "I would not have it told  
 To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot  
 And I stood looking on  
 You be two Earls," said Witherington,  
 "And I a squire alone,

"I'll do the best that do I may,  
 While I have power to stand  
 While I have power to wield my sword,  
 I'll fight with heart and hand"

Our English archers bent their bows,  
 Their hearts were good and true.  
 At the first flight of arrows sent,  
 Full fourscore Scots they slew

They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness was there found,  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground

At last these two stout Earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
Bedewed their armour bright

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said,  
“In faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James our Scottish King,

“Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see”

“No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,  
Thy proffer I do scorn,  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born”

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow,

Who never spake more words than these,  
“Fight on, my merry men all,  
For why? my life is at an end,  
Lord Percy sees my fall”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land"

A knight amongst the Scots there was,  
Which saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord Percy

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spear most bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,  
Without all dread or fear,  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble Earl was slain,

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth yaid long  
Up to the head drew he

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun,  
For when they rang the evening bell  
The battle scarce was done

Of fifteen hundred English men,  
Went home but fifty-three,  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chace,  
Under the green-wood tree

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail,  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain

"O heavy news," King James did say,  
"Scotland may witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he"

Like tidings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy Chace

"Now God be with him," said our King,  
"Sith it will no better be,  
I trust I have, within my realm,  
Five hundred as good as he,

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,  
 But I will vengeance take  
 I'll be revengèd on them all,  
 For brave Earl Percy's sake "

This vow full well the King performed  
 After, at Hambledown,  
 In one day, fifty knights were slain  
 With lords of great renown,  
 And of the rest of small account  
 Did many thousands die  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chace,  
 Made by the Earl Percy  
 God save our King, and bless this land  
 With plenty, joy, and peace  
 And grant henceforth that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563—1631

A SUMMERS EVENING

Clear had the day been from the dawn,  
 All chequered was the sky,  
 The clouds, like scarf of cob-web lawn,  
 Veiled heaven's most glorious eye

The wind had no more strength than this,  
 That leisurely it blew,  
 To make one leaf the next to kiss  
 That closely by it grew

The rills that on the pebbles played  
Might now be heard at will,  
This world the only music made,  
Everything was still

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,  
Looked as they most desired  
To see whose head with orient pearls  
Most curiously was tired

And to itself the subtle air  
Such sovereignty assumes,  
That it receives too large a share  
From Nature's nigh perfumes

- - - - -

#### TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,  
Worthy your Country's name,  
That honour still pursue  
Go and subdue  
Whilst loitering hinds  
Lurk here at home with shame

Britons, you stay too long,  
Quickly aboard bestow you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretched sail,  
With vows as strong  
As the winds that blow you

Your course securely steer,  
West and by South forth keep,  
    Rocks, ice shores nor shoals,  
    When Aeolus scowls  
You need not fear,  
So absolute the deep  
  
And cheerfully at sea  
Success you still entice  
    To get the pearl and gold,  
    And ours to hold,  
Virginia,  
Earth's only Paradise  
  
Where Nature hath in store  
Fowl, venison and fish,  
    And the fruitfuller soil,  
    Without your toil  
Three harvests more,  
All greater than your wish  
  
And the ambitious vine  
Crowns with his purple mass  
    The cedar reaching high  
    To kiss the sky,  
The cypress, pine,  
And useful sassatias  
  
To whom the Golden Age  
Still Nature's laws doth give  
    Nor other cares attend  
    But them to defend  
From winter's rage,  
That long there doth not live

When as the luscious smell  
Of that delicious land  
Above the seas that flows  
The clear wind throws  
Your hearts to swell  
Approaching the dear strand

In kenning of the shore  
(Thanks to God first given)  
O you, the happiest men,  
Be jolly then,  
Let cannons roar  
Frighting the wide heaven  
  
And in regions far  
Such heroes bring ye forth  
As those from whom we came,  
And plant our name  
Under that Star  
Not known unto our North

And as there plenty grows  
Of laurel everywhere,  
Apollo's sacred tree,  
You it may see  
A poet's brios  
To crown that may sing there

Thy *Voyages* attend,  
Industrious Hakluyt,  
Whose reading shall inflame  
Men to seek fame  
And much commend  
To after-times thy wit

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564—1616

## CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

*Cass* I was born free as Cæsar, so were you  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in  
And bade him follow, so indeed he did  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake 'tis true, this god did shake  
His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre I did hear him groan  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried ‘Give me some drink, Titinius,’  
As a sick girl Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world  
And bear the palm alone  
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves  
Men at some time are masters of their fates  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings  
Brutus and Cæsar what should be in that ‘Cæsar’?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name,  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well,  
Weigh them, it is as heavy, conjure with ‘em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now, that talk’d of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass’d but one man?  
Now is it *Rome* indeed and *room* enough,  
When there is in it but one only man  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was Brutus once that would have brook’d  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king

THE BURDEN OF THE KING  
HENRY V TO HIMSELF

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children and our sins lay on the king!  
We must bear all O hard condition,  
Twin-boin with greatness, subject to the breath  
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease  
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd  
Than they in fearing  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulmentation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,  
I am a king that find thee, and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labour, to his grave  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hou the peasant best advantages

## IMAGINATION IN ADVERSITY

*Gaunt* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,  
There is no virtue like necessity  
Think not the king did banish thee,  
But thou the king Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
And not the king exiled thee, or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou ~~womest~~  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance,  
For gnailing sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light

*Bolingbroke* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse  
Hell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more

Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore

*Gaunt* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay

*Bolingbroke* Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet  
soil, adieu,

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman

---

### THE KING RESIGNS

*K. Richard* Now mark me, how I will undo myself  
I give this heavy weight from off my head  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duty's rites  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear,  
My manors, rents, revenues I forego,  
My acts, decesses, and statutes I deny  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,  
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!

---

## FALLING GREATNESS

*Wolsey* So farewell to the little good you bear me  
Fairwell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye  
I feel my heart new opend O how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and scars than wars or women have  
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again

## WOLSEY TO CROMWELL

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman  
Let's dry our eyes and thus far hear me, Cromwell,  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
I found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition  
By that sin fell the angels, how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee,  
Corruption wins not more than honesty  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king,  
And,—puthee lead me in  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny, 'tis the king's my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564—1593

IAMBURLAINE INVITES THERIDAMAS TO COME  
OVER TO HIM

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,  
And we will triumph o'er all the world,  
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,  
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about  
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere  
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome  
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,  
Intending but to raze my charmed skin,  
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven  
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.  
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,  
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!  
And as a sure and grounded argument,  
That I shall be the monarch of the East,  
He sends his Soldan's daughter rich and brave,  
To be my Queen and portly Empress  
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,  
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,  
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,  
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil  
Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked,  
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,  
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems  
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea  
Shall sail to us, as lords of all the lake  
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,  
And mighty kings shall be our Senators

Jove sometimes maskèd in a shepherd's weed,  
 And by those steps that he hath scaled the Heavens  
 May we become immortal like the Gods  
 Join with me now in this my mean estate,  
 (I call it mean because, being yet obscure,  
 The nations far removed admire me not,)  
 And when my name and honour shall be spread  
 As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,  
 Or fair Bootes sends his cheerful light,  
 Then shalt thou be competitor with me,  
 And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty

SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1568—1639

## CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will,  
 Whose armour is his honest thought  
 And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Untied unto the world by care  
 Of public fame, or private breath,

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Nor vice, who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great,

Who God doth late and early pray  
 Moie of His grace than gifts to lend,  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend,

—This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all

EDWARD JONSON, 1573—1637

#### MAN'S TRUF MFASURE

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make Man better be,  
 Or standing long an oak, thicke hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and scree  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night.—  
     It was the plant and flower of light  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measure life may perfect be

ROBERT HERRICK, 1591—1674

TO DAFFODILS

Fare Daffodils, we weep to see  
    You haste away so soon  
As yet the early-rising Sun  
    Has not attain'd his noon  
        Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
    Has run  
        But to the even-song,  
And, having pray'd together, we  
    Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,  
    We have as short a Spring,  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
    As you, or any thing  
        We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
    Away  
        Like to the Summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
    Ne'er to be found again

JOHN MILTON, 1608—1674

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ,  
 Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturb'd Song of pure concert  
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne

To Him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastinglly  
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love then motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To His celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old  
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,  
  
Forget not in Thy book record their groans  
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans  
  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
  
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow  
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe

—  
ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX

Fairfax, whose name in aims through Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
And all hei jealous monarchs with amaze,  
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings  
O yet a noble task awaits thy hand  
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)  
Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
And public faith cleared from the shameful bland  
Of public fraud In vain doth Valour bleed,  
While Avarice and Rapine share the land

## TO CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbruēd,  
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureate wreath yet much remains  
 To conquer still, Peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than War new foes arise,  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hunceling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw

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## 'THY GLORIOUS WORKS'

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty ! thine this universal flame,  
 Thus wondrous fair thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of Light,  
 Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heav'n,  
 On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end  
 Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,

If better thou belong not to the Dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime  
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,  
Acknowlede him thy greater , sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st '

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## THE TRUE GLORY OF MAN

They err who count it glorious to subduc  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault What do these worthies  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaccable nations, neigbouring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those then conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ,  
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
Violent or shameful death then due reward  
But, if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attained,  
Without ambition, war, or violence ,  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,

By patience, temperance I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688—1744

THE QUIET LIFE

Happy the man, whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
 In his own ground  
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
 In winter, fire  
 Blest, who can unconcernedly find  
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,  
 In health of body, peace of mind,  
 Quiet by day,  
 Sound sleep by night, study and ease  
 Together mix'd sweet recreation,  
 And innocence, which most doth please  
 With meditation  
 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
 Thus unlamented let me die,  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie

THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771

THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fadzs the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'ri  
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'ri,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ,  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow' ,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ,  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page .  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ,  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear  
• Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stay,  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look b'hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul reliefs,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, -

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

“One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree,  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he

“The next, with dinges due in sad array  
 Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born —  
 Approach and read (for thou can’t read) the lay,  
 Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn ”

#### *THE EPITAPH*

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown  
 Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
 And melancholy mark’d him for her own*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav’n did a recompence as largely send  
 He gave to mis’ry all he had, a tear,  
 He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God*

## THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

## I 1

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !  
 Confusion on thy banners wait,  
 Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing  
 They mock the air with idle state  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'

Such were the sounds that o'er the crest'd pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance  
 To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couched his quiv'ring lance

## I 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Howns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood,  
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)  
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre

Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!

O'er thee, oh King! then hundred arms they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To high-born Hael's hair, or soft Llewellyn's lay

## I 3

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main  
Blaue Uinen sleeps upon his craggy bed  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head  
On dicary Arvon's shore they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale  
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,  
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries--  
No more I weep They do not sleep  
On yonder cliffs, a gisly band,  
I see them sit, they linger yet,  
Avngers of their native land  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line'

## II 1

"Weave the warp, and weave the wool,  
 The winding-sheet of Edwards race  
 Give ample room, and verge enough  
 The characters of hell to tracce  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring  
 Shrieks of an agonizing King'  
 She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 That tearst the bowels of thy mangied Mate,  
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven What terrors round him wait  
 Amazement in his van, with flight combine  
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind

## II 2

Mighty victor, mighty Lord!  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 No pitying heart no eye afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies  
 Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone He rests among the dead  
 The swarm, that in thy noon tide beam we're bo'n'd  
 Gone to salute the rising morn  
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure 'calm'  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes  
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm,  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-pre-

## II 3

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare,  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest  
 •Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 Long years of havock urge their destined course,  
 And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way  
 Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,  
 And spare the meek usurper’s holy head  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread  
 The bristled boar in infant-gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade  
 Now, Brotho!s, bending o’er th’ accursed loom  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

## III 1

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof The thread is spun)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate  
 (The web is wove The work is done )’  
 ‘Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn  
 In yon bright track, that flies the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
 Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

## III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
 In bearded majesty, appear.  
 In the midst a form divine!  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;  
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

## III. 3.

'The verse adorn again  
 Fierce war, and faithful love,  
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.  
 In buskin'd measures move  
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,  
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

A voice, as of the Chieub-Chou,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou, von sanguine cloud,  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repans the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray  
 Enough for me with joy I see  
 The different doom our Fates assign  
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care,  
 To triumph, and to die, are mine  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's hight  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night

PRINCE HOARE, 1755—1834

## ARLIHUSA

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,  
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
 While English glory I unfold,  
 Huzza for the Arthusa!  
 She is a frigate tight and brave,  
 As ever stemmed the dashing wave  
 Her men are staunch  
 To their fav'rite launch,  
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire  
 On board of the Arthusa

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out  
 The English Channel to cruise about,  
 When four French sail, in show so stout,  
     Bore down on the Arthusa  
 The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,  
 The Arthusa seemed to fly  
     Not a sheet, or a tack,  
     Or a brace, did she slack  
 Though the Frenchman laughed and thought it stuff,  
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,  
     On board of the Arthusa  
 On deck five hundred men did dare,  
 The stoutest they could find in France  
 We with two hundred did advance  
     On board of the Arthusa  
 Our captain hailed the Frenchman "Ho!"  
 The Frenchman then cried out "Hello!"  
     "Bear down, d'ye see,  
     To our Admiral's lee!"  
 "No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be!"  
 "Then I must lug you along with me,"  
     Says the saucy Arthusa  
 The fight was off the Frenchman's land  
 We forced them back upon their strand,  
 For we fought til' not a stick could stand  
     Of the gallant Arthusa  
 And now we've driven the foe ashore  
 Never to fight with Britons more,  
     Let each fill his glass  
     To his fav'rite lass  
 A health to our captain and officers true  
 And all that belong to the joyful crew  
     On board of the Arthusa

ROBERT BURNS, 1759—1796

'A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT'

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head and a' that?  
The coward slave! we pass him by—  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
Our toils obscure and a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hameley fair we dine,  
Wee hoddin grey and a' that?  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine—  
A man's a man for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their tinsel show and a' that,  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and staies and a' that,  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof, for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
His ribband, stai, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that

### ROBERT BURNS

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith! he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
Then dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than a' that

I hen let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth o' a' the earth  
May bear the gree and a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man the warld o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that!

### OLD BALLAD

#### HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies  
Night and day on me she cries  
O that I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms bairn Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sae  
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae man !  
 I laid her down wi' meikle care

On fair Kirconnel lea

As I went down the water-side,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,  
 None but my foe to be my guide,

On fan Kirconnell lea ,

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
 I hacked him in pieces sma , -  
 I hacked him in pieces sma',  
 For her sake that died for me

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
 I'll make a garland of thy hair  
 Shall bind my heart for everman

Until the day I die

O that I were where Helen lies !  
 Night and day on me she cries,  
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
 Says, 'Haste and come to me !'

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !  
 If I were with thee, I were blest,  
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest

On fair Kirconnell lea

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,  
 And I in Helen's arms lying,

On fan Kirconnell lea

I wish I were where Helen lies ,  
 Night and day on me she cries ,  
 And I am weary of the skies ,

Since my Love died for me

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty  
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill,  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

TO A CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bud, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery ,

The same whom in my school boy days  
I listen'd to , that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ,  
And thou wast still a hope, a love ,  
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ,  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beguile  
That golden time again

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON MILTON

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour  
England hath need of thee, she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters, altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men,  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart,  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart  
The lowest duties on herself did lay

ON VENICE

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee  
And was the safeguard of the West, the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty

She was a maiden city, bright and free  
No guile seduced, no force could violate,  
And when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea

And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away

## THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
 Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain  
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine,  
 Type of the wise, who sojourn, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771--1832

THE RED HARROW

The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
 The mackerel loves the wind,  
 But the oyster loves the dredging song,  
 For they come of a gentle kind

Now haud your tongue, baitre wife and cail,  
 And listen, great and sair,  
 And I wi'll sing of Cleallan's Lair  
 That fought on the red Harrow

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
 And doon the Don and a,  
 And Ireland and Iay land may mournfu' be  
 For the sair field of Harrow

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
 They ha'e bridled a hundred black,  
 With a chain of steel on each horse's head  
 And a good knight upon his back

They haDNA ridden a mile, a mil',  
 A mile but hardly ten,  
 When Donald came brankling down the bairn  
 Wi' twenty thousand men

Their tartans they were waving wide  
 Their glaves were glancing clear,  
 The pibrochs sang frae side to side,  
 Would deafen ye to hear

The great Eail in his stirrups stood,  
 That Highland host to see  
 'Now here a knight that's stout and good  
 May prove a jeopardie

What wouldest thou do, my squire so gay,  
 That rides beside my reyne,  
 Were ye Glenallan's Eail the day,  
 And I were Roland Cheyne?

To turn the rein were sin and shame,  
 To fight were wondrous peril  
 What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,  
 Were ye Glenallan's Earl?

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,  
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
 The spur should be in my horse's side,  
 And the bridle upon his mane

If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
 And we twice ten times ten,  
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
 And we are mail-clad men

My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,  
 As through the moorland fern,  
 Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude  
 Grow cauld for Highland kerne'

## PROUD MAISIE

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early,  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so merrily  
 'Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me?'  
 — 'When six brown gentlemen  
 Kirkwood shall carry ye  
 Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Bridie, say true?'  
 — 'The gray-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly,  
 The glowworm o'er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady  
 The owl from the steeple sing  
 Welcome proud lady

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## PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Pibroch of Donald Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donald,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war-array,  
 Gentles and commons

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky,  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one  
Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter,  
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar,  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadswords and targes  
Come as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended,  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master  
Fast they come, fast they come,  
See how they gather!  
Wide waves the eagle plume  
Blended with heather  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set!  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Knell for the onset!

## BRIGNALL'S BANKS

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer-queen  
 And as I rode by Dalton-Hall  
 Beneath the turrets high  
 A Maiden on the castle-wall  
 Was singing merrily  
 O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen  
 If, Maiden, thou wouldest end with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what lie told we  
 That dwell by dale and down  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shut thou speed  
 As blithe as Queen of May  
 Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair  
 And Greta woods are green  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen  
 'I read you, by you bugle-horn  
 And by your palfey good,  
 I read you for a ranger sworn  
 To keep the king's greenwood'  
 A Ranger lady, winds his horn,  
 And 'tis at peep of light

His blast is heard at meny morn,  
And mine at dead of night'  
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay,  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!  
'With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I lead you for a bold Dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum'  
'I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear,  
But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!  
'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die,  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I'  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,--  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now'

*Chorus*

'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen'

## 'HE'S GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest  
The font reappearing  
From the fainthearts shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no mornow

The hand of the weaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory  
The autumn winds rushing  
Watt the leaves that are scarest  
But our flower was in fliswing  
When blighting was nearest

Fleet foot on the course,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the tovy,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain  
Thou art gone, and for ever !

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride  
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
Sae comely to be seen'—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale,  
Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And lord of Langley-dale,  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen'—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your han,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair,  
And you the foremost o' them a'  
Shall ride our forest-queen'—  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock of Hazeldean

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride  
 And dame and knight are there  
 They sought her bath by bower and bower  
 The lady was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldoun

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772—1834

### FRIENDSHIP

Alas, they had been friends in youth,  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,  
 And constancy lives in realms above,  
 And life is thorny, and youth is vain,  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain  
 Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother  
 They parted —ne'er to meet again,  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,  
 A dreary sea now flows between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been

## KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
    Down to a sunless sea  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree,  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedain cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced  
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,  
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves,  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice '  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she play'd  
Singing of Mount Abora  
Could I receive within me  
Her symphony and song  
To such a deep delight I would win me  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
I had sunny dome ! those caves of ice '  
And all who heard should see them there  
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair  
Weave a circle round him thine,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1774—1834

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line  
It was ten of April morn by the chime  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene,  
And her van the fleeter rushed  
O'er the deadly space between

"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun  
From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back,  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom --  
Then ceased--and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!" ¶¶  
And we conquer but to save  
So peace instead of death let us bring,  
But yild, proud foe, thy fleet  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King"

Then Denmark blessed our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away

LORD BYRON

Now joy, Old England, raise  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou ;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !

LORD BYRON, 1788—1821.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore — upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncotned, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy vast of waves, which mar  
 Like the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Cuthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyran since their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage, their decay  
 Has dried up calms to deserts—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thin azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

I thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime.

Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the thone  
 Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made each zone  
 Obey thee, thou goest forth dead, fathomless, alone

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 •Borne, like thy bubbles, onward from a boy  
 I wantoncd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

## THE SONG OF SAUL

## I

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword  
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path  
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

## II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,  
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet

## III

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart !  
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day !

## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

## I

The King was on his throne,  
 The Satraps throng'd the hall  
 A thousand bright lamps shone  
 O'er that high festival  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deem'd divine --  
 Jehovah's vessels hold  
 The godless Heathen's wine !

## II

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand  
 The fingers of a man -  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand

## III

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice,  
 All bloodless wax'd his look,  
 And tremulous his voice  
 "Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth'

## IV

Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill,  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore,  
 But now they were not sage,  
 They saw—but knew no more

## V

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view,  
 He read it on that night,—  
 The morrow proved it true

## VI

“Belshazzar’s grave is made,  
 His kingdom pass’d away,  
 He, in the balance weigh’d,  
 Is light and worthless clay,  
 The shroud his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone,  
 The Mede is at his gate!  
 The Persian on his throne!”

## NAPOLEON’S FAREWELL

[FROM THE FRENCH ]

## I

Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory  
 Arose and o’ershadow’d the earth with her name  
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,  
 The brightest or blackest, is fill’d with my fame  
 I have wair’d with a world which vanquish’d me only  
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far,  
 I have coped with the nations which diad me thus lonely,  
 The last single Captive to millions in war

## II

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown’d me,  
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,  
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
 Decay’d in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth

Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

## III

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—  
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys,  
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—  
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
 There are links which must break in the chain that has  
 bound us,  
*Then* turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

## THE ISLES OF GREECE

'The isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grow the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung !  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds that echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest "

The mountains look on Marathon  
 And Marathon looks on the sea,  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free  
 For standing on the Persians' grave  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Scutum,  
 And ships, by thousands lay below,  
 And men in nations—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day  
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degrade into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of time,  
 Though linked among a scattered race  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame  
 Even as I sing, suffice my muse  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must we but blush? Our fathers bled  
 Earth rended back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Souter dead  
 Of the three hundred giant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no,—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, “Let one living head,  
But one arise—we come, we come!”  
’Tis but the living who are dumb

In vain—in vain strike other chords,  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio’s vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pynhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon’s song divine  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant, but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom’s best and bravest friend,  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Paiga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore,  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells,  
In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —  
I see their glorious black eyes shine ,  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ,  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

## THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ,  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—  
 To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom ,  
 Then country conquers with their martyrdom ,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind  
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place ,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas tirod  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod ,  
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822

## THE SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourtest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art  
 Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ,  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 Over which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run,  
 Like in unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight  
 Like a star of heaven  
 In the broad daylight.  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver splendour,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is blue  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon raves out her beams, and heaven is o'erflow'd.

What thou art we know not  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody,—

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unheeded  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

Like a rose embower'd  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphal chaunt  
Match'd with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt--  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?  
  
With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety  
  
Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?  
  
We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught,  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought  
  
Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near  
  
Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

## THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thursting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams,  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun  
I wield the flail of the lashing haul,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And then great pines groan aghast,  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
    This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
    In the depth of the purple sea,  
Over the hills, and the crags, and the hills,  
    Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
    The Spirit he loves remains,  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
    And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
    When the morning star shines dead,  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
    In the light of its golden wings  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
    Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
    From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine any nest,  
    As still as a brooding dove

That orbèd maiden with white fine laden,  
    Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
    By the midnight breezes strown  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
    Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
    The stars peep behind her and peer,

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and stars

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl,  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chain,  
Is the million coloured bow,  
The sphere fire above its soft colours wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursing of the sky,  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,  
I change, but I cannot die  
For after the rain when with never a stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanted fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,  
Destroyer and Preserver, hear, oh hear!

I thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—  
The locks of the approaching storm Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intensest day,  
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear  
And tremble and despoil themselves Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth,  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd heath  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

## SUNSET AT VENICE

Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight,  
Over the horizon of the mountains, - oh  
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow  
Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,  
Thou Paradise of Exiles, Italy !  
Thy mountains, seas and vineyards and the towers  
Of cities they encircle !  
As those who pause on some delightful way  
Tho' bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
Looking upon the evening and the flood  
Which lay between the city and the shore  
Paved with the image of the sky the hoar  
And airy Alps towards the north appeared  
Thro' mist an heaven sustaining bulwark reared  
Between the East and West and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry

Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
Among the many-folded hills they were  
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—  
And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent  
O'er the lagune  
We glided, and from that funeral bark  
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark  
How from then many isles in evening's gleam  
Its temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven

JOHN KEATS, 1795—1821

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold  
  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
 When a new planet swims into his ken,  
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surprise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

## AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thicketeaves run  
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel, to set bedaubing more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells  
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spikes the next swath and all its twined flowers  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook,  
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look  
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While bariéd clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,  
 Then in a wailful chou the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river-sallow, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,  
 Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

LORD MACAULAY, 1800—1859

## NASEBY

Oh! wherfore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?  
 And wherfore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod,  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God  
 It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,  
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced  
 hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the  
 Rhine

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us to the fight,  
 When a marmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a  
 shout,  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
 His banners of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall,  
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes, close  
 your ranks,  
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are  
 gone!  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast  
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!  
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to  
 the last

Stout Skippon hath a wound, the centre hath given ground  
 Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen  
 on our rear?  
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he  
 boys  
 Bear up another minute brave Oliver is here

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuissiers have burst on the ranks of the Acciust,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes  
Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar  
And he—he turns, he flies —shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war  
Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your search secure,  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces  
and lockets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor  
Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts  
were gay and bold,  
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day,  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the  
rocks,  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey  
Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and  
hell and fate,  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,  
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and  
your spades?  
Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,  
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the  
Pope;  
There is woe in Oxford Halls there is wail in Durham's  
Stalls  
The Jesuit smites his bosom the Bishop rends his cope

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword,  
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses  
and the Word

## EPIPHONY ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain  
Courage and faith vain faith, and courage vain  
For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,  
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they  
For him I languished in a foreign clime,  
Crey-buried with sorrow in my manhood's prime,  
Heid on I wemna Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Aino for my loved Tees,  
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
Each morning started from the dream to weep,  
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
The resting place I asked, an early grave  
Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
From that proud country which was once mine own,  
By those white cliffs I never more must see,  
By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
Our English dust A broken heart lies here

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807—1882

### THE SLAVE'S DREAM

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,  
    His sickle in his hand,  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
    Was buried in the sand  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
    He saw his native land

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
    The lordly Niger flowed,  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
    Once more a king he strode,  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
    Descend the mountain-road

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
    Among her children stand,  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
    They held him by the hand!—  
A tear fell from the sleeper's lids,  
    And fell into the sand

And then at furious speed he rode  
    Along the Niger's bank,  
His brid勒ions were golden chains,  
    And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
    Smiting his stallion's flank

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew,  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffic huts,  
And the ocean rose to view

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the muri-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream,  
And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day,  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away!

## THE INDIAN HUNTER

When the summer harvest was gathered in,  
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin  
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,  
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,  
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,  
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below

He was a stranger there, and all that day  
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,  
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,  
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,  
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,  
As he stood by the populous haunts of men

The winds of autumn came over the woods,  
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,  
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,  
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,  
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red  
Were the trees' withered leaves around it shed

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,  
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn,  
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,  
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,  
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,  
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once had been,  
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,  
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—  
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,  
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,  
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—  
A脚步 was heard in the rustling brake,  
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,  
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,  
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more

When years had passed on, by that still lake side;  
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,  
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,  
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,  
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,  
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow

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#### THE SEA DIVER

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocky tide  
And many an eye has followed me,  
Where billows clasp the worn sea side

My plumage bears the crimson blush,  
When ocean by the sun is kissed!  
When fades the evening's purple flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid deep,  
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem,  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown  
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night, upon my storm-drenched wing,  
I poised above a helmless bark,  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down—without a signal gun,  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea!  
Peace that their relics there were laid,  
With no vain pride and pageantry.

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Southward with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death ;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east wind was his breath:

His lordly ships of ice  
Glistened in the sun ;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And never more, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
“Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”  
He said, “by water as by land !”

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around

The moon and the evening star  
~~Went~~ hanging in the shrouds,  
Every instant, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold!  
As of a rock was the shock,  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled

Southward, through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main,  
Yet there seems no change of place

Southward, for ever southward,  
They drift through dark and day,  
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree !  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree !  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley !  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Chum-aun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily !

' Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree !  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper !'

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha,  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me !  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

With his knife the tree he girded,  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,

Till the sap came oozing outward,  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken  
“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me !”

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance,  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree !  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched its forehead with its tassels  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
“Take them all, O Hiawatha !”

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the frame work

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shoit with pebbles  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries,  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest,  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the ch's supple sinews,  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-hy

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him,  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
 While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded  
     Up and down the river went they,  
 In and out among its islands,  
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
 Made its passage safe and certain,  
 Made a pathway for the people,  
 From its springs among the mountains,  
 To the waters of Pauwating,  
 To the bay of Taquamenaw

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810—1888

THE LOSS OF THE 'BIRKINHEAD'

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,  
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,  
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,  
     A cry of women rose

The stout ship 'Birkinhead' lay hard and fast,  
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock,  
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed  
     The spirit of that shock

And ever, like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
     In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks  
     From underneath her keel

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,  
That low down in its blue translucent glass  
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,  
Pass slowly, then repass

They tarried, the waves turned for their prey !  
The turned one cleat smile ! like things asleep  
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay  
As quiet as the deep

Then amidst oath and prayer and rush and wreck,  
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Formed us in line to die

To die !—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers !—  
*'All to the boats !'* cried one —he was, thank God,  
No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true —we would not stir  
That base appeal we heard but heeded not  
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, Sir,  
To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England, that we fought  
With shameful strength unhonoured life to seek,  
Into mean safety, mean deserts, brought  
By trampling down the weak

So we made women with their children go  
The oars ply back again, and yet again,  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still under steadfast men

What follows, why recall?—the brave who died,  
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf  
 They sleep as well beneath the purple tide  
 As others under turf

They sleep as well und roused from their wild grave,  
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise, in,  
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they b~~e~~<sup>h</sup> to save  
 His work once, not in vain

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812--1888

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming day  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind

Just as perhaps he mused, ‘My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall,’—  
 Out ’twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full galloping nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
  And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy  
  You hardly could suspect—  
(So tight he kept his lips compress'd  
  Scarce any blood came through)  
You <sup>had</sup> twice ere you saw his breast  
  Was all <sup>it</sup> shot in two

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace  
  We've got you ~~Kat~~isbon !'  
The Marshal's in the market-place  
  And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
  Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him !' The chief's eye flashed, his plans  
  Soared up again like fire

The chief's eye flashed but presently  
  Sustained itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
  When her bruised eaglet breathes  
'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride  
  Touched to the quick, he said  
'I'm killed, Sue !' And his chief beside,  
  Smiling, the boy fell dead

HENRY LUSHINGTON, 1812—1855

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMIAN WAR.

'Leave me, comrades--here I stop,  
No, Sir, take them on,  
All are wanted--none should stop,  
Duty must be done  
Those whose guard you take will find me,  
As they pass below'  
So the soldier spake, and staggering  
Fell amid the snow,  
And even, on the dreary heights,  
Down came the snow

'Men, it must be as he asks,  
Duty must be done,  
Far too few for half our tasks,  
We can spare not one  
Wrap him in this—I need it less,  
Fear not, they shall know  
Mark the place—yon stunted larch—  
Forward' On they go,  
And silent, on their silent march,  
Down sank the snow

O'er his features, as he lies,  
Calms the wrench of pain,  
Close, faint eyes, pass, cruel skies,  
Freezing mountain plain

With far soft sounds the stillness teems,  
Church-bells, voices low,  
Passing into English dreams,  
There amid the snow,  
And darkening, thickening, o'er the heights,  
Down fell the snow

Look !, looking, for the mark,  
Back ~~to~~ others came,  
Struggling ~~to~~ through the snowdrifts dark,  
Calling out his name  
'Here—or there—the drifts are deep—  
Have we missed him?'—No—  
Look ! a little growing heap,  
Snow above the snow,  
Where heavy, in his heavy sleep,  
Down fell the snow'

Strong hands raised him, voices strong  
Spake within his ears,  
Ah ! his dreams had softer tongue !—  
Neither now he hears  
One more gone for England's sake,  
Where so many go,  
Lying down without complaint,  
Dying in the snow,  
Starving, striving, in the snow  
Simply done his soldier's part  
Through long months of woe,  
Long endured with soldier heart  
Battle, famine, snow,  
Noble, nameless, English heart,  
Snow cold, in snow

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807—1892

FROM THE LUMBERMLN

Wildly round our woodland quarters  
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves,  
 Thickly down these swelling waters  
     Float his fallen leaves  
 Through the tall and naked timber,  
     Column-like and old,  
 Gleam the sunsets of November,  
     From their skies of gold

O'er us, to the South-land heading,  
     Screams the gray wild goose,  
 On the night-frost sounds the treading  
     Of the brindled moose  
 Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,  
     Frost his task-work plies,  
 Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
     Shall our log-piles rise

\*                  \*                  \*

Make we here our camp of winter,  
     And, through sleet and snow,  
 Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
     On our hearth shall glow  
 Strike, then, comrades!—trade is waiting  
     On our rugged toil,  
 Fair ships waiting for the freighting  
     Of our woodland spoil!

\*                  :                  /                  :                  \*                  \*

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,--  
 Give to us the cedar-valleys,  
 Rocks and hills of Maine !  
 In our North-land, wild and woody,  
 Let us still have part,  
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
Hold us to thy heart !  
 Lo ! the ~~day~~<sup>light</sup> breaks ! old Katahdin's  
 Pine-trees how its fires,  
 While from these dim forest gardens  
 Rise their blackened spires  
 Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
 Manhood's rugged play  
 Still renewing, bravely hewing  
 Through the world our way !

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1812—1892

### ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still health, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me  
 I cannot rest from travel I will drink  
 Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone, on shore, and when  
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades

Vext the dim sea I am become a name,  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known, cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy  
I am a part of all that I have met,  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
As though to breathe were life Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things, and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle--  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and through soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone He works his work, I mine

There lies the port the vessel puffs her'sail  
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me--  
That even with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads--you and I are old ,  
~~Old~~ <sup>we're</sup> h yet his honour and his toil ,  
Death closes all but something ere the end ,  
Some work of no<sup>r</sup>e note, may yet be done ,  
Not unbecoming n en that strove with Gods  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks  
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the deep  
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths  
Of all the western stars until I die  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles whom we knew  
Though much is taken, much abides , and though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are ,  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

## 'YOU ASK ME WHY'

You ask me why, though ill at ease,  
    Within this region I subsist,  
    Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas !

It is the land that freemen till,  
    That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
    The land, where girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will,

A land of settled government,  
    A land of just and old renown,  
    Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
    But, by degrees to fullness wrought,  
    The strength of some diffusive thought  
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute  
    Opinion, and induce a time  
    When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute,

Though Power should make from land to land  
    The name of Britain trebly great—  
    Though every channel of the State  
Should almost choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
    Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
    And I will see before I die  
The palms and temples of the South

FROM THE ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

## I

Bury the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall

## II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore

## III

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow,  
The last great Englishman is low

## IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the Past  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute  
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood  
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
 Whole in himself, a common good  
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
 Yet clearest of ambitious aims,  
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
 Great in council and great in war,  
 Foremost captain of his time,  
 Rich in saving common sense  
 And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity sublime  
 O good gray head which all men knew,  
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!  
 Such was he whom we deplore  
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er  
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more

## v

All is over and done  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 England, for thy son  
 Let the bell be toll'd  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 And render him to the mould  
 Under the cross of gold  
 That shines over city and river,  
 There he shall rest for ever  
 Among the wise and the bold  
 Let the bell be toll'd

And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds  
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold  
Let the bell be toll'd  
A deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd,  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
Through the dome of the golden cross,  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss,  
He knew then voices of old  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom,  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame,  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attemper'd fame  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame  
And ever-ringing avenues of song

## VI

'Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?  
Mighty seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea

These is<sup>t</sup>land loves thee well thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began  
Now, to the ro<sup>ll</sup> of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea  
His foes were thine he kept us free  
O give him welcome this is he,  
Worthy of our gorgeous mus,  
And worthy to be laid by thee,  
For this is Englands greatest son  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun,  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won,  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes

Such a war had such a close  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings,  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,  
A day of onsets of despair !  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away,  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long enduring hearts could do  
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O Saviour of the silver coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here besfall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And through the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name

## VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outudden  
All voluptuous garden-roses  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the fair light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun  
Such was he his work is done  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,

Till in all lands and through all human story,  
•The path of duty be the way to glory  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illumined cities flame,  
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name

## TO THE QUEEN

Revered, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,  
Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
To one of less descent allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base,  
And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there,  
Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And through wild March the throstle calls,  
Where all about your palace-walls  
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam this poor book of song  
 For though the faults were thick as dust,  
 In vacant chambers, I could trust  
 Your kindness May you rule us long  
 And leave us rulers of your blood  
 As noble till the latest day!  
 May children of our children say,  
 "She wrought her people lasting good,  
 "Her court was pure, her life serene,  
 God gave her peace, her land repos'd,  
 A thousand claims to reverence closed  
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen,  
 "And statesmen at her council met,  
 Who knew the seasons, when to take  
 Occasion by the hand, and make  
 The bounds of freedom wider yet  
 "By shaping some august decree,  
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
 Broad-based upon her people's will,  
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea"

— — — — —

#### FROM THE MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,  
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere  
“The sequel of to day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Though Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten through the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn  
Thou therefore take my brand, Excalibur,  
Which was my pride for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known  
But now delay not take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word”

\* \* \* \* \*

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly whel'd and threw it The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an' arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere  
And lightly went the other to the King

\* \* \* \* \*

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world  
Comfort thyself what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God

But now farewell I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound "

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brim, like some full-breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the veige of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away

#### 'RING OUT, WILD BELLS'

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light  
The year is dying in the night,  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow  
The year is going, let him go,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife,  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times,  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be

• WILLIAM E AYTOUN, 1813—1865

FROM THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

I

The Rhine is running deep and red,  
The island lies before—  
“Now is there one of all the host  
Will dare to venture o'er?  
For not alone the river's sweep  
Might make a brave man quail  
The foe are on the further side,  
Their shot comes fast as hail  
God help us, if the middle isle  
We may not hope to win!  
Now is there any of the host  
Will dare to venture in?”

II

“The ford is deep, the banks are steep,  
The island-shore lies wide  
Nor man nor horse could stem its force,  
Or reach the further side  
See there! amidst the willow-boughs  
The serried bayonets gleam,  
They've flung their bridge—they've won the isle,  
The foe have crossed the stream!  
Their volley flashes sharp and strong—  
By all the Saints! I trow  
There never yet was soldier born  
Could force that passage now!”

## III

So spoke the bold French Mareschal  
With him who led the van,  
Whilst rough and red before their view  
The turbid river ran  
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross  
The wild and swollen Rhine,  
And thundering on the other bank  
Far stretched the German line  
Hard by there stood a swarthy man  
Was leaning on his sword,  
And a saddened smile lit up his face  
As he heard the Captain's word  
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now  
Than that which rushes there,  
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet  
And never thought to dare  
If German steel be sharp and keen,  
Is ours not strong and true?  
There may be danger in the deed,  
But there is honour too"

## IV

The old lord in his saddle turned,  
And hastily he said—  
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart  
Awakened from the dead?  
Thou art the leader of the Scots—  
Now well and sure I know,  
That gentle blood in dangerous hour  
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,

And I have seen ye in the fight  
• Do all that mortal may  
If honour is the boon ye seek,  
    It may be won this day—  
The prize is in the middle isle,  
    There lies the adventurous way  
And armies twain are on the plain,  
    The daring deed to see—  
Now ask thy gallant company  
    If they will follow thee!"

## v

• Right gladsome looked the Captain then,  
    And nothing did he say,  
But he turned him to his little band—  
    Oh few, I ween, were they!  
The iesles of the bravest force  
    That ever fought in fray  
No one of all that company  
    But bore a gentle name,  
Not one whose fathers had not stood  
    In Scotland's fields of fame  
All they had marched with great Dundee  
    To where he fought and fell,  
And in the deadly battle-strife  
    Had venged their leader well  
And they had bent the knee to earth  
    When every cyc was dim,  
As o'er their hero's buried corpse  
    They sang the funeral hymn,  
And they had tirod the Pass once more,  
    And stooped on either side

To pluck the heather from the spot  
Where he had dropped and died  
And they had bound it next their hearts,  
And taken a last farewell  
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,  
Where Scotland's glory fell  
Then went they forth to foreign lands  
Like bent and broken men,  
Who leave their dearest hope behind,  
And may not turn again

## VI

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep,  
And stubborn is the flow -  
Yon island-strength is guarded well—  
Say, brothers, will ye go?  
From home and kin for many a year  
Our steps have wandered wide,  
And never may our bones be laid  
Our fathers' graves beside  
No children have we to lament,  
No wives to wail our fall,  
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand  
Have left our hearths of all  
But we have hearts, and we have aims,  
As strong to will and dare  
As when our ancient banners flew  
Within the northern air  
Come, brothers! let me name a spell  
Shall rouse your souls again,  
And send the old blood bounding free  
Through pulse, and heart, and vein

Call back the days of bygone years—  
 • Be young and strong once more,  
 Think yonder stream, so stark and red,  
 Is one we've crossed before  
 Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!  
 Rise up on either hand—  
 Again upon the Garry's banks,  
 On Scottish soil we stand!  
 Again I see the tartans wave,  
 Again the trumpets ring,  
 Again I hear our leader's call—  
 ‘Upon them for the King!’  
 Stayed we behind that glorious day  
 . For roaring flood or linn?  
 The soul of Græme is with us still—  
 Now, brothers! will ye in?’”

## IX

Have you seen the tall trees swaying  
 When the blast is sounding shrill,  
 And the whilwind reels in fury  
 Down the goorges of the hill?  
 How they toss their mighty branches  
 Struggling with the tempest's shock,  
 How they keep their place of vantage,  
 Cleaving firmly to the rock?  
 Even so the Scottish warriors  
 Held their own against the river,  
 Though the water flashed around them,  
 Not an eye was seen to quiver,  
 Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,  
 Not a man relaxed his hold

For then hearts were big and thrilling  
With the mighty thoughts of old  
One word was spoke among them,  
And through the ranks it spied—  
“Remember our dead Claverhouse!”  
Was all the Captain said  
Then, sternly bending toward,  
They wrestled on awhile,  
Until they cleared the heavy stream,  
Then rushed towards the isle

## x

The German heart is stout and true,  
The German arm is strong,  
The German foot goes seldom back  
Where armed foemen throng  
But never had they faced in field  
So stern a charge before,  
And never had they felt the sweep  
Of Scotland’s broad claymore  
Not fiercer pours the avalanche  
Adown the steep incline  
That rises o’er the piercèd-springs  
Of rough and rapid Rhine—  
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven  
Than came the Scottish band  
Right up against the guarded trench,  
And o’er it sword in hand  
In vain their leaders forward press—  
They meet the deadly brand!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819—1891

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,  
Looking to where a little craft lay moored,  
Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,  
Which weltered by in muddy listlessness  
Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce thought  
Had trampled out all softness from their brows,  
And ploughed rough furrows there before their time,  
For other crop than such as homebred Peace  
Sows broadcast in the willing soil of Youth  
Care, not of self, but for the common weal,  
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead  
A look of patient power and iron will,  
And something fiercer, too, that gave broad hint  
Of the plain weapons girded at their sides  
The younger had an aspect of command,—  
Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,  
In the shrunken channel of a great descent,  
But such as lies enthroned in heart and head,  
And an arm prompt to do the 'hosts of both  
His was a brow where gold were out of place,  
And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown  
(Though he despised such), were it only made  
Of iron, or some serviceable stuff  
That would have matched his brownly rugged face  
The elder, although such he hardly seemed  
(Care makes so little of some five short years),

Had a clear, honest face, whose rough-hewn strength  
Was mildered by the scholar's wiser heart  
To sober courage, such as best befits  
The unsullied temper of a well-taught mind,  
Yet so remained that one could plainly guess  
The hushed volcano smouldering underneath  
He spoke the other, hearing, kept his gaze  
Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky

*Hampden* O Cromwell, we are fallen on evil times  
There was a day when England had wide room  
For honest men as well as foolish kings  
But now the uneasy stomach of the time  
Turns squeamish at them both Therefore let us  
Seek out that savage clime, where men as yet  
Are free there sleeps the vessel on the tide,  
Her languid canvas drooping for the wind,  
Give us but that, and what need we to fear  
This Order of the Council? The free waves  
Will not say No! to please a wayward king,  
Nor will the winds turn traitors at his beck  
All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord  
Will watch as kindly o'er the exodus  
Of us his servants now, as in old time  
We have no cloud or fire, and haply we  
May not pass dry-shod through the ocean-stream,  
But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand”  
So spake he, and meantime the other stood  
With wide gray eyes still reading the blank air,  
As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw  
Some mystic sentence, written by a hand,  
Such as of old did awe the Assyrian king,  
Gut with his satraps in the blazing feast

*Cromwell* Hampden! a moment since, my purpose was  
To fly with thee,—for I will call it flight,  
Nor flatten it with any smoother name,—  
But something in me bids me not to go,  
And I am one, thou knowest, who, unmoved  
By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed  
And reverence due to whatsoe'er my soul  
Whispers of warning to the inner ear  
Moreover, as I know that God brings round  
His purposes in ways undreamed by us,  
And makes the wicked but his instruments  
To hasten their own swift and sudden fall,  
I see the beauty of his providence  
In the King's order blind, he will not let  
His doom part from him, but must bid it stay  
As 'twere a cricket, whose enlivening chirp  
He loved to hear beneath his very heath  
Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather stay  
And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,  
Not, as of old the walls of Thebes were built,  
By minstrel twanging, but, if need should be,  
With the more potent music of our swords?  
I thinkst thou that score of men beyond the sea  
Claim more God's care than all of England here?  
No when He moves His arm, it is to aid  
Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,  
As some are ever, when the destiny  
Of man takes one stride onward nearer home  
Believe me, 'tis the mass of men He loves,  
And, where there is most sorrow and most want,  
Where the high heart of man is trodden down  
The most, 'tis not because He hides His face  
From them in wrath, as purblind teachers prate

Not so there most is He, for there is He  
Most needed

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

New times demand new measures and new men,  
The world advances, and in time outgrows  
The laws that in our fathers' day were best,  
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme  
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth  
We cannot hale Utopia on by force,  
But better, almost, be at work in sin,  
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep  
No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him, there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will,  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!  
The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,  
Until occasion tells him what to do,  
And he who waits to have his task marked out  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

I will have one more grapple with the man  
Charles Stuart whom the boy o'erthrew,  
The man stands not in awe of I, perchance,  
Am one raised up by the Almighty arm  
To witness some great truth to all the world

So they two turned together, one to die,  
Fighting for freedom on the bloody field,  
The other, far more happy, to become  
A name earth wears forever next her heart  
One of the few that have a right to rank

With the true Makers for his spirit wrought  
Order from Chaos, proved that right divine  
Dwelt only in the excellence of truth,  
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines  
Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light  
Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to tell,  
That—not the least among his many claims  
To deathless honour—he was Milton's friend,  
A man not second among those who lived  
To show us that the poct's lyre demands  
An aim of tougher sinew than the sword

## A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days,  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm car lays,  
Whchther we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers,  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and vallcys,  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace,

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
    Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
    With the deluge of summer it receives,  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
    And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a rappy cheer,  
    Into every bare inlet and creek and bay,  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it,  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing,  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming new,  
    That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack,  
    We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
    Tells all in his lusty crowing!

## •THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

## PART FIRST

## I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
And bring to me my richest mail,  
For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
In search of the Holy Grail,  
Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
Till I begin my vow to keep,  
Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
And perchance there may come a vision true  
Ere day create the world anew"

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
And into his soul the vision flew

## II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
The little birds sang as if it were  
The one day of summer in all the year,  
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees  
The castle alone in the landscape lay  
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray  
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
And never its gates might opened be,  
Save to lord or lady of high degree,  
Summer besieged it on every side,  
But the churlish stone her assaults defied,

She could not scale the chilly wall,  
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall  
Stretched left and right,  
Over the hills and out of sight,  
Green and broad was every tent,  
And out of each a murmur went  
Till the breeze fell off at night

## III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its walls.  
In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
Had cast them forth so, young and strong,  
And lightsome as a locust leaf,  
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail

## IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
And morning in the young knight's heart,  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
And gloomed by itself apart,  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup

## V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate,  
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan shrink and crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall,  
For this man, so foul<sup>3</sup> and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—  
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn

## VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust  
“Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door,  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold,  
He gives only the worthless gold  
Who gives from a sense of duty,  
But he who gives but a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,  
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a god goes with it and makes it strong  
To the soul that was starving in darkness before”

## PART SECOND

## I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly,  
 The river was dumb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun  
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun,  
 Again it was morning, but shrank and cold,  
 As if her veins were speechless and old,  
 And she rose up decrepitly  
 For a last dim look at earth and sea

## II

Sir Launfal turned from his own haïd gate,  
 For another here in his earldom sate,  
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail,  
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,  
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
 The badge of the suffering and the poor

## III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
 For it was just at the Christmas time,  
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
 In the light and warmth of long-ago,  
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
 He can count the camels in the sun,  
 As over the red-hot sands they pass  
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
 And with its own self like an infant played,  
 And waved its signal of palms

## IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms",  
 The happy camels may reach the spring,  
 But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,  
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
 That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
 In the desolate horror of his disease

## V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee  
 An image of Him who died on the tree,  
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,  
 Thou also hast had the world's buffetts and scorns,  
 And to thy life were not denied  
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side  
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,  
 Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

## VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he  
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
 He had flung an alms to leprosy,  
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail  
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grial

The heart within him was ashes and dust,  
He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink,  
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul

## VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a lowcast face,  
A light shone round about the place,  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him glorified,  
Shining and tall and fair and straight  
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,--  
'Tisself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in Man

## VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,  
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,  
That mingle their softness and quiet in one  
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon,  
And the voice that was softer than silence said,  
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail,  
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now,  
This crust is My body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree,

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need,  
 Not what we give, but what we share,  
 For the gift without the giver is bare,  
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds thine,  
 Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me”

## IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound  
 “The Grail in my castle here is found!  
 Hang my idle armour up on the wall,  
 Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall,  
 He must be fenced with stronger mail  
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail”

## X

The castle gate stands open now,  
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough,  
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,  
 The Summer’s long siege at last is o’er,  
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,  
 She entered with him in disguise,  
 And mastered the fortress by surprise,  
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,  
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round,  
 The meanest scat on Sir Launfal’s land  
 Has hall and bower at his command,  
 And there’s no poor man in the North Countree  
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819—1861

'GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND'

Green fields of England! wheresoever  
 Across this watery waste we fare,  
 Your image at our hearts we bear  
 Green fields of England, everywhere

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
 Past where the waves' last confines be,  
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me

Dear home in England, safe and fast  
 If but in thee my lot he cast,  
 The past shall seem a nothing past  
 To thee, dear home, if won at last,  
 Dear home in England, won at last

'SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVILETH'

Say not, the struggle nought availth,  
 The labour and the wounds are vain,  
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
 And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field

•For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylig<sup>t</sup> it comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819—1875

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild north-easter !  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr,  
Ne'er a verse to thee  
Welcome, black north-easter !  
O'er the German foam ,  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless am  
Tired of listless dreaming,  
Through the lazy day  
Jovial wind of winter  
Turn us out to play!  
Sweep the golden reed-beds,  
Cusp the lazy dyke,  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike  
Fill the lake with wild fowl,  
Fill the marsh with snipe,  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe  
Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snowflakes  
Off the coddled sky  
Hark! The brave north-ester!  
Breast-high lies the snow,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow  
Who can over-hide you?  
Let the horses go!  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast,  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be past  
Go! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,

While our skates are ringing  
    O'er the frozen streams  
Let the luscious south wind  
    Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
    Bask in ladies' eyes  
What does he but softcn  
    Heart alike and pen?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
    Brends hard English men  
What's the soft south-wester?  
    'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Brnging home their true-loves  
    Out of all the seas,  
But the black north-easter,  
    Through the snowstorm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
    Seaward round the world  
(ome, as came our fathers,  
    Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
    Lords by land and sea  
(ome, and strong within us  
    Stir the Vikings' blood,  
Bracing brain and sinew,  
    Blow, thou wind of God!

EDWARD ARTHUR FREEMAN, 1823--1892

FROM THE MEED OF HEROES

Awake, ye sons of Marathon,  
Day yokes her golden car,  
Her milk-white steeds are chasing  
The gloom of Night afar  
The rosy fingered Morning  
Hath lit the dark blue wave,  
And pours her gentle brightness  
Upon the heroes' grave  
The grave which is our altar,  
Where we this morn must pray,  
And to the fallen heroes  
Our richest offerings pay

Soft sweeps the blue Egean  
Around the heroes' grave,  
Soft sweeps the breeze of morning land  
Where rest the fallen brave,  
The mountains bend in homage,  
The trees wave soft in awe,  
Over their graves who perished  
For freedom and for law  
But in the gloom of midnight,  
When all beside is still,  
Then doth the cry of battle  
Float back from every hill,

Then rise the shadowy warriors,  
And meet again in fight  
But none may see their faces,  
Nor harness gleaming bright  
Yet ever on the breezes  
The shouts of war are borne,  
The clashing of their weapons,  
The blast of flute and horn,  
The clang of shivering harness,  
The neigh of gallant steeds,  
As meet the Grecian spearmen  
And quiver-bearing Medes

Look to yon two fair pillars  
That crown the grassy mound,  
Carved with their names whose purple blood  
Hath dyed this holy ground,  
One for the sons of Athens,  
One for each true ally,  
Who dared for faith and freedom  
In glorious fight to die

But while ye bend in homage,  
To greet the fallen brave,  
Think not their dauntless spirits sleep  
Within the voiceless grave  
Their bones below are mouldering,  
Then shadows flit around,  
But a happier home than we may tell  
Their holy souls have found

Far, fair beyond the western hills,  
Where sinks the Sun-God's car,  
Beyond Hesperia's laughing plains,  
And Atlas frowning fair,  
Beyond the stream of Ocean,  
Fast by his farther shore,  
There spirits dwell for ever,  
And sorrow taste no more.

So dwell they on for ever  
In bliss that knows no end,  
To whom the Gods who dwell on high  
Have granted there to wend  
Who dies for truth and freedom,  
Who keeps his hands from wrong,  
Who gives his people holy laws,  
Who twines the wreath of song  
These, in the happy island  
By Ocean's western shore,  
Reck not of earth's wild passions,  
And fight and toil no more  
There dwells Aristogiton,  
And fair Harmodius too,  
Who on Athens' festival  
The hated tyrant slew  
And there they dwell for ever,  
The prize of holy deeds,  
Who vanquished on this blessed ground  
The quiver-bearing Medes

SIR GEORGE W COX, 1827—1902

FROM A LEGEND OF THERMOPYLAE

Men of Athens, I beheld them  
Wending to Thermopylæ,  
Bravest of the sons of Sparta,  
Strong as human hearts may be  
Countless times within those goinges  
I have wandered since that day,  
Where are laid in sleep the heroes  
Who at Pylæ passed away  
I have sought each winding valley,  
As to me the tale was told,  
Tangled cleft, and craggy summit,  
Where the Phocian watched of old

Well they knew Apollo's answer  
Came not unto them in vain,  
That the blasts of heaven should aid them  
While they fought on battle-plain  
So they prayed the vixless helpers,  
And the vengful winds arose,  
Boreas and Oreithya  
Dealt their wrath upon their foes  
Countless ships, with hosts unnumbred,  
Helpless in the tempest's roar,  
Tossed above the boiling surges,  
Brake in pieces on the shre

And the dwellers of Magnesia  
Reaped rich harvest many a day,  
Wealth untold full long lay floating  
'Mid the rocks that gird the bay  
Jewelled cups and golden goblets  
Sparkled on the barren strand  
Broidered zones and gemmed tiaras  
Lay as refuse on the sand  
Such the aid Apollo rendered  
While, in Pylæ's inmost dell,  
By his place of hallowed council,  
One by one the Spartans fell  
Day by day the strife waxed fiercer,  
And the baffled Persian fled  
Day by day the Median archers  
Left a heap of nameless dead  
Quailed the heart of Asia's despot,  
As each lashed and driven slave,  
Whom he sent to bind the Spartan,  
Found within the gorge his grave  
From his throne he leaped in anguish,  
As he watched the fight below,  
Persian lance and Median arrow  
Fell in vain upon the foe  
Day by day the strife grew hotter,  
But the foe was dauntless still,  
And the Persian writhed in fury,  
That the Gods should thwart his will  
Lure and goad and lash were fruitless  
Fraud alone may win the day,  
And the Mede by traitor's guidance  
O'er the mountain find his way

There the Phocians kept their watches  
Through the silent hours of night,  
While the sons of men were sleeping,  
And the stars were glittering bright  
With a soft and lulling murmur,  
Trickled down the mountain nills  
In the distance dim and shadowy,  
Rose the vast Cœtaean hills  
High upon the mountain summit,  
Silent watched that little band  
Far beneath the lazy ripples  
Sunk to slumber on the strand  
And the withered leaves of autumn,  
Sere and yellow, clogged the ground,  
There was not a breath to stir them,  
As they lay so thick around  
Faint the streak of early morning  
Sprcad behind Euboea's isle,  
As on leafy Anopæa  
Watched the Phocian guards the while  
Through the darkness upward stealing,  
Brighter yet the sunbeams played,  
When they heard the sound of footsteps  
By the rustling leaves betrayed  
Then the foe, with might resistless,  
Hunted to the pass below,  
So the strength of open daring  
Sinks beneath a traitor's blow  
With no thought of hidden danger  
Paced the Spartan watch his round,  
While, unseen, the Median archers  
Down the hill in silence wound

But the seer that read the omens  
     Told them that the end drew nigh,  
     “ When the morning sun is risen,  
         They who stay must fight and die ”  
 Then unmoved stood Sputa’s heroes,  
     All save those were sent away,  
     And the remnant decked them bravely  
         As was meet for festal day  
     And as victims for the altar,  
         There were traitors standing by,  
     Where the Spartan and the Thespian  
         Dared to tarry and to die ”  
 Cowring shrunk the dastard Thessans,  
     Faint of limb and false of heart,  
     In the pains of mortal conflict,  
         They with them must bear their part

Men of Athens, men of Athens,  
     Though so oft this tale is told,  
     It hath never lost its freshness,  
         And its glories wax not old  
     With the sons of those who battling  
         In the pass of Pylæ fell,  
     If ye now may meet as foesmen,  
         This ye deem will please you well  
     Still within the dells of Pylæ  
         Mossy green the stones remain,  
     Telling where the Spartan heroes  
         By the Median shafts were slain  
     I have read the wondrous legend  
         Many a time with quivering eye,  
     “ Tell the Spartans, at their bidding,  
         Stranger, here in death we lie ”

E E BOWEN, 1830—1901

'FORTY YEARS ON'

Forty years on, when afar and asunder  
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,  
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder  
 What you were like in your work and your play—  
 Then it may be there will often come o'er you  
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song,  
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,  
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along  
 Follow up! Follow up!  
 Till the field ring again and again  
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men—  
 Follow up! Follow up!  
 Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,  
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,  
 Strife without anger, and ait without malice—  
 How will it seem to you forty years on?  
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute  
 Strained the weak heart to the wavering knee,  
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,  
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we!  
 Follow up! etc  
 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,  
 Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,  
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted,—  
 Hardly believable, forty years on!  
 How we discoursed of them, one with another,  
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,  
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,  
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate!  
 •Follow up! etc

Forty years on, growing older and older,  
 Shorter in wind, as in memory long,  
 Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,  
 What will it help you that once you were strong?  
 God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,  
 Games to play out whether earnest or fun,  
 Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,  
 Twenty and thirty and forty years on!  
 Follow up! etc

**WILLIAM MORRIS, 1834–1896**

**CHIRON THE CENTAUR AND THE CHILD  
JASON**

Now, since the moonless night and dark was come,  
 Time was it that the child should leave his home,  
 And saddled in the court the stout horse stood  
 That was to bear them to the Centaur's wood,  
 And the tried slave stood ready by his lord,  
 With wallet on his back and sharpened sword  
 Girt to his side, to whom the horn and ring,  
 Fit for the belt and finger of a king,  
 Did Æson give, and therewith kissed the boy,  
 Who with his black beard played, and laughed for joy  
 To see the war-horse in the red torch-light  
 At last, being mounted, forth into the night  
 They rode, and thus has Jason left his home

All night they rode, and at the dawn, being come  
 Unto the outskirts of the forest wild,  
 They left the horse, and still the sleeping child

The slave bore in his arms, until they came,  
 Unto the place where, living free from blame,  
 Chiron the old roamed through the oaken wood,  
 There by a flowered thorn-bush the slave stood,  
 And set the little Jason on the ground,  
 Who waking from sweet sleep, looked all around  
 And 'gan to prattle, but his guardian drew  
 The horn from off his neck, and thereon blew  
 A point of hunting known to two or three,  
 That sounded through the forest merrily,  
 Then waited listening.

And mean time the sun,  
 Came from the Eubœan cliffs, had just begun  
 To light the high tips of the forest grass,  
 And in the thorn the blackbird singing was,  
 But 'mid his noise the listening man could hear  
 The sound of hoofs, whereat a little fear  
 He felt within his heart, and heeded nought  
 The struggling of the child, who ever sought  
 To gun the horn all glittering of bright gold,  
 Wrought by the cunning Daedalus of old

But louder still the noise he hearkened grew,  
 Until at last in sight the centaur drew,  
 A mighty grey horse, trotting down the glade,  
 Over whose back the long grey locks were laid,  
 That from his reverend head abroad did flow,  
 For to the waist was man, but all below  
 A mighty horse, once roan, now well-nigh white  
 With lapse of years, with oak wreaths was he dight  
 Where man joined unto horse, and on his head  
 He wore a gold crown, set with rubies red,  
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bow,  
 No man could bend of those who battle now

So, when he saw him coming through the trees,  
The trembling slave sunk down upon his knees  
And put the child before him, but Chiron  
Who knew all things, cried "Man with Jason's son,  
Thou needest not to tell me who thou art,  
Nor will I fail to do to him my part  
A vain thing were it, truly, if I strove,  
Such as I am, against the will of Jove  
Lo now, this youngling, set 'twixt thee and me,  
In days to come a mighty man shall be,  
Well-nigh the mightiest of all those that dwell  
Between Olympus and Malca, and well  
Shall Juno love him till he come to die

Now get thee to thy master presently,  
But leave with me the red ring and the horn,  
That folk may know of whom this boy was born  
In days to come, when he shall leave this wild  
And lay between my arms the noble child"

So the slave joyful, but still half afraid,  
Within the mighty arms young Jason laid,  
And gave up both the horn and the red ring  
Unto the centaur, who the horn did sling  
About him, on his finger, with a smile,  
Setting the ring, and in a little while  
The slave departing, reached the open plain,  
And straight he mounted on his horse again,  
And rode on toward Iolchos all the day,  
And as the sunset darkened every way,  
He reached the gates, and coming to his lord,  
Bid him rejoice, and told him every word  
That Chiron said

ROBERT WILLIAM BUCHANAN, 1841—1901

THE NAIAD

Dian white-armed has given me this cool shrine,  
Deep in the bosom of a wood of pine  
    The silver-sparkling showers  
    That close me in, the flowers  
That brink my fountain's brim, are hers and mine,  
And when the days are mild and fair,  
    And grass is springing, buds are blowing,  
    Sweet is it, 'mid waters flowing,  
Here to sit, and know no care,  
    'Mid the waters flowing, flowing, flowing,  
Combing my yellow, yellow hair

The ounce and the panther down the mountain-side  
Creep thro' dark greenness in the eventide,  
    And at the fountain's brink  
    Casting great shades they drink,  
Gazing upon me, tame and sapphire-eyed,  
For, aided by my pale face, whose light  
    Gleameth thro' sedge and lilies yellow,  
    They lapping at my fountain mellow,  
Harm not the lamb that in affright  
Throws in the pool so mellow, mellow, mellow  
    Its shadow small and dusky-white

Oft do the fauns and satyrs, flusht with play,  
Come to my coolness in the hot noon day  
    Nay, once indeed, I vow  
    By Dian's truthful brow,

The great god Pan himself did pass this way,  
And, all in festal oak-leaves clad,  
    His limbs among these lilies throwing,  
    Watched the silver waters flowing  
Listened to their music glad,  
    Saw and heard them flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And, ah! his face was worn and sad

Mild joys around like silvery waters fall,  
But it is sweetest, sweetest far of all,  
    In the calm summer night,  
    When the tree-tops look white,  
To be exhaled in dew at Dian's call,  
Among my sister-clouds to move  
    Over the darkness earth bedimming,  
    Milky-robed thro' heaven swimming,  
Floating round the stars above,  
    Swimming proudly, swimming, proudly swimming,  
And waiting on the moon I love

So tenderly I keep this cool green shrine,  
Deep in the bosom of a wood of pine,  
    Faithful through shade and sun,  
    That services due and done  
May haply earn for me a place divine  
Among the white-robed deities  
    That thread thro' starry paths, attending  
    My sweet lady, calmly wending  
Thro' the silence of the skies  
    Changing in hues of beauty never ending,  
Drinking the light of Dian's eyes

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, 1849—1903

### ENGLAND

What have I done for you,  
England, my England?  
What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
As the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,  
England, my England,  
Match the master-work you've done,  
England, my own?  
When shall he rejoice again  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,  
England, my England —  
“Take and break us we are yours,  
England, my own !

Life 'is good and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky  
Death is death, but we shall die  
    To the Song on your bugles blown,  
        England—  
    To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,  
    England, my England  
You with worlds to watch and ward,  
    England, my own!  
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
Of such teeming destinies  
You could know nor dread nor care  
    Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
        England—  
    Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,  
    England, my England,  
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
    England, my own,  
Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
Spouse in-Chief of the ancient sword,  
There's the menace of the word  
    In the Song on your bugles blown,  
        England—  
    Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

HENRY J. NEWBOLT, b. 1862

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' thousand mile away,  
 (Capten, ait tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe  
 Yonder lumes the Island, yander lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an' toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
 (Capten, ait tha sleepin' there below?),  
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe  
 'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
 long ago"

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
 (Capten, ait tha sleepin' there below?),  
 Hung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe  
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,  
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
 long ago!

## ADMIRALS ALL

## A SONG OF SEA KINGS

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,  
Here's to the bold and free!

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!

Admirals all, for England's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame!

And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name!

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame!*

*And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was sailing in Cadiz Bay  
With the galleons far in sight,  
Howard at last must give him his way,  
And the word was passed to fight  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he  
Since holidays first began,  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,  
Their cities he put to the sack,  
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,  
And harried his ships to wrack  
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls  
When the great Armada came,  
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"  
And he stopped and finished the game

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
 • Duncan he had but two,  
 But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,  
 And his colours aloft he flew  
 "I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,  
 "And I'll sink with a right goodwill,  
 For I know when we're all of us under the tide  
 My flag will be fluttering still"

Splinters were flying above, below,  
 When Nelson sailed the Sound  
 "Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"  
 Said he, "for a thousand pound!"  
 The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
 But he wickedly wagged his head,  
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye  
 And "I'm damned if I see it!" he said

Admirals all, they said then say  
 (The echoes are ringing still),  
 Admirals all, they went their way  
 To the haven under the hill  
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,  
 The realm of the circling sea,  
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake  
 And the Rodneys yet to be

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame!  
 And honour as long as waves shall break  
 To Nelson's peerless name!*

## 'HE FELL AMONG THIEVES'

"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made  
an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead  
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"

"Blood for our blood," they said

He laughed. "If one may settle the score for five,  
I am ready, but let the reckoning stand till day  
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive"  
"You shall die at dawn," said they

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,

He climbed alone to the eastward edge of the trees,  
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope

He brooded, clasping his knees

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills  
The ravine where the Yassin river suddenly flows  
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,  
Or the fair Afghan snows

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,  
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide  
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below  
Calling him down to ride

He saw the gray little church across the park,  
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead,  
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,  
The brasses black and red

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,  
 The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall  
 The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between  
 His own name over all

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,  
 The long tables, and the faces merry and keen,  
 The College Eight and then trainer dining aloof,  
 The Dons on the dais serene  
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He watched the linci's stem ploughing the foam,  
 He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw,  
 He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,  
 He saw the flag she flew

And now it was dawn He rose strong on his feet,  
 And strode to his ruined camp below the wood,  
 He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet,  
 His murderers round him stood

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,  
 The blood red snow peaks chilled to a dazzling white,  
 He turned and saw the golden circle at last,  
 Cut by the Easten hught

‘O glorious Life, who dwellcst in earth and sun,  
 I have lived, I praise and adore Thee’  
 A sword swept  
 Over the pass the voices one by one  
 Faded, and the hill slept

RUDYARD KIPLING, b 1865

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judge-  
 ment Seat,  
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
 nor Birth,  
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
 from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,  
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare, that is the Colonel's  
 pride

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn  
 and the day,  
 And turned the caklins upon her feet, and ridden her  
 far away

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop  
 of the Guides

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where  
 Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the  
 Ressaldar

"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know  
 where his pickets are

At dusk he harnesses the Abazar—at dawn he is into Bonan,  
 But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,  
 So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
 By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to  
 the Tongue of Jagai

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn  
    ?·yc then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown  
    with Kamal's men  
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low  
    lean thorn between,  
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man  
    is seen"  
The Colonel's son has taken a hoise, and a raw rough  
    dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell, and the heart of Hell and the  
    head of the gallows-tree—  
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him  
    stay to eat—  
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long  
    at his meat  
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the  
    Tongue of Jagai,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon  
    her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made  
    the pistol crack  
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling  
    ball went wide  
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said "Show now if  
    ye can ride"  
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,  
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a  
    bairn doe  
The dun he leaned against the bit, and slugged his head  
    above,  
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden  
    plays with a glove

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low  
lean thorn between,  
And thrice he heard a breech bolt snick tho' never a  
man was seen  
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, then  
hoofs drum up the dawn,  
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like  
a new-roused fawn  
The dun he fell at a water course—in a woful heap fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled  
the rider free  
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room  
was there to strive,  
“Twas only by favour of mine,’ quoth he, “ye rode so  
long alive  
“There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a  
clump of tree,  
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked  
on his knee  
If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a  
row  
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held  
it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she  
could not fly”  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son “Do good to bird  
and beast,  
“But count who come for the broken meats before thou  
makest a feast  
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my  
bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a  
thief could pay

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, then  
men on the garnered grain,  
The thatch of the byres will serve them fires, when all  
the cattle are slain  
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait  
to sup,  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and  
call them up!  
And if thou thinkest the price be high in steer and gear  
and stack,  
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own  
way back!"  
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon  
his feet  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and  
grey wolf meet  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath,  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the  
dawn with Death?"  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son "I hold by the  
blood of my clan  
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has  
carried a man!"  
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled a  
against his breast,  
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she  
loveth the younger best  
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise studded  
team,  
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth and silver stirrups  
twain"  
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle end,  
"Ye have taken the one from a toe," said he, "will ye  
take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight, "a limb for the risk of a limb

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He stood the lung like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides,

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head

So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border line,

And thou must make a trooper tough, and hick thy way to power

Behike they will raise thee to Ressildar when I am hanged in Peshawur?

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they have found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and flesh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God

The Colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there  
went forth but one

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty  
swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood  
of the mountaineer

'Ha' done! ha done!' said the Colonel's son "Put up  
the steel at your sides'

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to night  
'tis a man of the Guides!'

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain  
shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judge-  
ment seat

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
from the ends of the earth'

H C BEECHING, b 1859

#### PRAYERS

God who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In thicke elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him  
Take the thanks of a boy

Jesu, King and Lord,  
Whose are my foes to fight,  
Send me with Thy sword  
Swift and sharp and bright,  
Thee would I serve if I might,-  
And conquer if I can,  
From day dawn till night  
Take the strength of a man

Spirit of Love and Truth,  
Breathing in grosser clay,  
The light and flame of youth  
Delight of men in the firm,  
Wisdom in strength's decay,  
From pain, strife, wrong to be free  
This best gift I pray,  
Take my spirit to Thee

## NOTES

- 1 This cannot be regarded as having any relation to known historical facts. It describes the conventional type of Border fay.
- 3 **Tivy dale** Tewot dale
- 4 **Hambledown** Henry IV defeated the Scots here in 1402, but it should be noticed that the James of Scotland mentioned above (p. 7) was not crowned till 1424.
- scarp linen woven as fine as a cobweb
- 11 Hakluyt in his *Voyages* (1588) collected the narratives of the Flavibethan voyagers and explorers, and himself helped in the colonization of Virginia, 1606-7.
- 20 **Tamburlaine** (or Tameiline) was a Scythian shepherd who by military genius became King of Persia and conqueror of Central Asia; here he urges Thedamus, King of 'Algier,' to join him. This play, written and produced before Marlowe was twenty five years of age, is of great interest as being the first work of the first poet who uses our modern English speech. Though immature it is striking by reason of its power of expression and vigour of imagination.
- merchants = merchantmen vail lower than flags in submission
- 21 **Bootes** a constellation close to the Great Bear, containing the bright fixed star Arcturus.
- competitor = ally, associate
- 22 Written in 1655, on the persecution by Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy and Piedmont, of his Protestant subjects.
- The triple Tyrant is the Pope, from his triple crown.
- 26 **Darwen stream** the fight is better known as the battle of Preston, 1648.
- 34 I dwud I, while marching with his army through a deep gorge in

FACT

- North Wales is stopped by the wild but venerable looking figure of a baird, who, reprimanding the king for his cruelty, foretells the misfortunes it shall cause to the Norman race, but declines that nevertheless it shall not extinguish the ardour of poetic genius in the land
- 34 **Snowdon** is here used, as the Saxons used it, to denote all the hill country of Cunuwion and Mertoneth as far east as the River Conwy
- 35 **Hoel**, a famous baird and soldier, son of Owen Gwynnedd, prince of North Wales
- Llewellyn**, the leader of the revolt against Edward I, fell fighting in 1282
- Cadwallo**, **Urien** and **odred** not the well known bairds of the sixth century who bore these names, but contemporaries of the baird who is the hero of this poem
- Arvon**, the shire of Cunuwionshire facing Anglesey
- 36 **Berkley's roofs** etc refer to the murder of Edward II in Berkley Castle in 1327
- She-Wolf of Fiance** is Isabella, the faithless wife of Edward II  
She was the mother of Edward III whose triumphs are alluded to in the next stanza [The expression is borrowed, as so many are in this poem, from Shakespeare, who uses it of Queen Margaret (*Henry IV*, part III i. iv.)] The **sable warrior** is of course the Black Prince, who died before his father Edward III  
The first six lines of the page refer to Richard II, who was put to death in Pontefract (or Pontefract) Castle
- 37 **Lance to lance** i.e. the Wars of the Roses
- towers of Julius** i.e. the Tower of London, parts of which are supposed to have been built by Julius Caesar, the scene of the deaths of Henry VI, his wife Margaret, and the young princes Edward V and the young Duke of York, to whom '**infant-gore**' refers
- The bristled boar** is Richard III, whose badge was a silver boar and who was known during his lifetime as the 'Boar'
- 38 **genuine Kings** i.e. the accession of the Tudors (in 1485)  
**form divine** etc is, of course, Elizabeth
- Tallessin**, chief of the Bairds, flourished in the sixth century  
The words '**The verse drest**' prophetically allude to Spenser '**In buskin'd breast**' to Shakespeare

## PAGE

- 38 buskin'd, wearing the tall boots worn in Greek tragedy, hence= ~ tragic.
- 39 A voice from Eden is Milton, and the distant warblings refer to his successors in the realm of poetry.  
 'The Arethusa,' while cruising in the Channel, boldly called upon the *Belle Poule*, a French ship of the line of double its size, to surrender, and on its refusal attacked it, and succeeded, with the help of some more British ships which came up, in driving it ashore.
- 41 hoddin grey is coarse cloth of undyed wool  
 burkie is a meny, jovial person  
 coof=fool
- 42 mauna fa' that!=must not try that  
 bear the gree=win the prize  
 Helen had two lovers, while in company of the one whom her parents rejected she is surprised by the rival. Enraged, the latter shoots and kills Helen who attempts to protect the man of her choice, he in turn avenges her death upon the slayer.
- 48 The Red Harlaw, from *The Iniquity* in the battle of Harlaw, 1411, Donald, Lord of the Isles, who claimed the kingdom of Ross, was driven back by Alexander, Earl of Buchan.
- 50 Fibroch of Donald Dhu, modelled on an old fifteenth century fibroch, or cell to arms, of the clan Macdonald.
- 52 Brignall's Banks or 'The Outlaw' comes from *Rokeby*
- 54 A dunge for a dead hunter and a widow  
 corrie is the sheltered side of a hill, where game lies  
 cumber=touble, difficulties
- 57 Coleridge calls this 'A Vision within a Dream,' and avers that he fell asleep in his chair while reading Purchas, *His Pilgrimes* (1625), in so 'Here the Khan Kublai commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereto, and thus ten miles of ground were enclosed with a wall', and while asleep he created this wonderful work, 'in which,' he says, 'the images rose up before him with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort.'
- 59 The Battle of the Baltic, or Copenhagen, 1801, where Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command, defeated the Danish fleet. Riou was one of the English captains who commanded the division of the frigates.

PAGE

- 67 Supposed to be sung by a Greek minstrel in modern times -  
**Sappho**, a poetess of Mytilene in the island of Lesbos, who lived about 600 B.C. - she is called 'burning' from the passionate ardour of her love poems.
- Delos**, we are told, rose from the sea at a stroke of Poseidon's trident - here lived Leto the mother of Phoebus. It was the seat of Apollo worship of peculiar sanctity.
- Scian muse** Homer was said to be a native of Chios, now Scio
- Teian muse** Amiction, a native of Icos, who spent part of his life at the court of Polyclites, tyrant of Samos.
- 68 **Marathon** was fought in 490 B.C. **Thermopylae** and **Salamis** in 480 B.C. See poem by Sir G. W. Cox, on p. 147 in another by Colly, Put. I. p. 8.
- 69 **Pyrrhic dance** a war dance. **Pyrrhic phalanx**, the formation in which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, ordered his infantry. He invaded Italy 280 B.C.
- Cadmus** was said to have introduced the alphabet into Greece.
- Chersonese**, the tongue of land which forms the European coast line of the Dardanelles or Hellespont.
- 70 **Suli** and **Parga** are in modern Epirus.
- Doric mothers** the Spartans were the head of the Dorians.
- Franks** All natives of Christian Europe are Franks to the Oriental.
- Sunium** the promontory of Attica crowned with a famous temple of Poseidon.
- 71 **Chillon** is a mediæval castle at the east end of the Lake of Geneva. François de Bonivard was imprisoned here by the Duke of Savoy, 1530-6.
- 72 **a** **aenad** is a fawned votary of Bacchus.
- 73 **The pumice isle** is Nisida.
- 74 **The Euganean hills** a group of low volcanic hills to the S.E. of Venice. Seen from the Lagoon they appear to stand out as a row of islets from the sea. Shelley often alludes to the wonderful atmospheric effects which characterise them.
- Chapman** was the first English translator of Homer, temp. Elizabeth and James I.
- 75 Nuñez de Balbo was the first European to see the Pacific Ocean (1511).
- 76 **Naseby** The **man of Blood** is Charles I. Sir Marmaduke Langdale and Astley were Royalist commanders of cavalry. Skippon commanded Cromwell's infantry on the centre.

1AC1

- 86 **Lavernia** (or La Verna) a wooded ridge of the Tuscan Apennines, near the sources of the Arno and the Tiber. It was the site of a famous hermitage of St Francis of Assisi.
- 92 **Sir Humphrey Gilbert** sailed for England from Newfoundland in 1583. ‘When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, “We are as near heaven by sea as by land.” In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.’
- 94 **Hiawatha** showed the Indians how to clear their rivers that they might pass along the great waterways in canoes. The essential thought which the poet embodies in this mythical hero is that of the winning of Nature to the service of man.
- 98 ‘**The Birkenhead**’ troopship struck a sunken rock near Simon’s Bay on 26 Feb. 1852. Out of 630 souls on board only 194 were saved.
- 104 **Lumbermen** have been a characteristic type of settler since the first days of English colonisation in America. They live the winter through in the backwoods, felling trees and trimming them for the saw mills. This hardy forest life has always been ‘the rugged nurse and mother sturdy’ of the finest stock which the Colonies produce.
- 105 **Ulysses** laments his secure, unadventurous repose in Ithaca, and calls upon his comrades to go forth again with him in quest of fortune. The spirit of the Elizabethan time—and a touch of it has never been absent in English history since—breathes through the poem. We know that Tennyson was always powerfully attracted by the restless yearning after adventure which marked that period, when young men went forth,
- ‘Some to the Wars to seek their fortune there,  
Some to discover Islands far away.’ (Shakespeare)
- 121 The incident related in this poem befell in this way. After the final success of William III in reducing the forces of Viscount Dundee in 1689 the officers and many of the troopers took

- TACF
- service under Louis XIV. In Dec 1697 this regiment of Scottish gentlemen was posted on the western bank of the Rhine, near Schlestadt in Alsace, keeping watch upon a German force on the opposite bank which was attempting to cross the river. In mid stream was a small island, which the enemy suddenly occupied. To recover this was a military necessity, and the Scottish corps as here related valiantly executed this perilous duty, maintaining possession against all attack until the German general abandoned his attempted passage of the river.
- 125 **Graeme** is John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.
- 127 It is certain that Humpden had resolved to leave England for the Puritan Colonies in North America, for he actually bought a large tract of land in New England. When the pressure of Archbishop Laud and of Strafford became more severely felt in the years 1633-8 many prominent Puritans emigrated and a larger number meditated the same course. But though the actual incident which Lowell relates in his poem is unhistorical, Mr Firth believes that Cromwell did about 1636 seriously consider removal to the New World.
- 129 **the walls of Thebes** Amphion, King of Thebes, had such skill on the lyre that the stones moved of their own power and formed the walls. "Movit Amphion liriles cuncto," says Horace, *Ode III. 11*.
- 130 **whom the boy o'ercame** refers to the mythical story of a wrestling match between the young Oliver and the young Charles.
- 133 **Sir Launfal** The legend of Sir Launfal appears in English for the first time in a poem by Thomas Chestre (fl. 1430), the theme of which he derived from an early French romance.
- 144 **The Meed of Heroes** "This poem must be considered as a hymn sung in the worship of the warriors who fell at Marathon, and who received heroic honours" (Freeman).
- 147 **A Legend of Thermopylae** "The following narration is supposed to come from one of the few Athenians who were left to the war with Sparta (i.e. the Peloponnesian War). These would be the old men, who knew most fully the strength and powers of endurance on both sides, and who may themselves have fought their first battles towards the close of the Persian War."

PAGE

- (479 B.C.), Cox. The date of Marathon was 490 B.C., of Thermopylae, 480 B.C.
- 147 **Boreas and Oreithyia** The North Wind and his spouse. As in the case of the Armid, storm winds aided the smaller Power in her unequal conflict on the sea. The reference is to the naval fight in the narrow strait between Euboea and the mainland, known as the battle of Artemisium, August, 480 B.C.
150. **dastard Thebans**, in that Thebes threw in its lot with Persia against its fellow Greeks
- 151 **Forty years on** is one of Mr Bowen's Hurrow School Songs
- 152 **Aeson**, King of Iolchos, had been deposed by a usurper, Pheas, and for safety sent his infant son to be brought up by the Centaur Chiron, a mythical embodiment of primitive wisdom
- 157 Mr Henley's **England** and the poems by Mr Newbolt which follow are typical expressions of the patriotic and imperialist feeling which has marked the past decade. Mr Newbolt's poems are printed from *The Island Race*, 4th Edition, 1901, by his kind permission
- 159 **Drake's drum** a snare drum, printed with the arms of Sir Francis Drake, is preserved among other relics at Buckland Abbey, the seat of the Drake family in Devon. (Note by Mr Newbolt)
- 161 **Duncan** The reference is to the Battle of Cimperdown, 1797
- 162 'He fell among thieves' The scene is Chitral on the N.W. frontier, where the hill tribes are restless under the encroaching advance of the Emperor of India's power
- 164 Mr Kipling's poem draws its scene and motive alike from the same general chapter of Indian experience. The Pathans—the rice to whom Kamal belongs—range the frontier hills beyond Peshawar. The 'Gurkhas' is the name of the fine irregular cavalry force which, recruited from all the fighting peoples of the N.W., keeps peace in the border land. A **Ressaldar** is a native captain of a troop of horse. The **tongue of Jagai** is a broad waste valley, narrowing to a 'gut'. **Dust-devils** are whirling clouds of dust